Boys at White House - Many Pay Tribute The funeral of Gustav A. Schurmann, Fighting Phil Kearny's bugler, drummerby of the Fortieth New York—the Mozart regiment and playmate of President incoln's son Tad, took place last night at his late home, 100 East 104th street, where

he died on Wednesday. Members of the Mozart regiment and veterans of the famous red diamond patch a civil war days attended the service. Poliucians of the East Side, friends of Mr. schurmann when he was a leader in "De Ate," the H. B. Clattin Post G. A. R., members of the Union Veteran Legion of brooklyn and fellow customs inspectors

said a last tribute to Mr. Schurmann. He was 55 years old and claimed with a good deal of pride to be perhaps the youngveteran of the civil war. Just before we died he told the story of his fighting under Gen. Kearny and how he wen the White House to play with Tad Lin-

In the early part of 1861 Gus Schurmann as drumming away for dear life in Chatam Square, a boy of 11. Recruits were signing by the thousand then, and the oy turned out with a drum bigger than imself to help stir enthusiasm. He was earning his living in those days working a a sawmill in Centre street, run by a Mr. Block, afterward proprietor of the Congressional Hotel at Washington. When ork was slack he went to City Hall Square with a shine box and competed with the oothblack brigade at three cents a shine. He was taken into the Forty-second New York, the Tammany regiment, after e drummed himself into fame at Chatham square, but he wasn't treated well there and he applied to Col. Riley of the Mozarts in which the father of Richard Watson Gilder was chaplain, for a place as a

drummer boy. "Couldn't think of it," said Col. Rilev. You're too young."

The boy began to cry and the Colonel rejented. All the men laughed at him beause his drum was fully as big as himself, he went with the regiment when it eft Yonkers on July 4, 1861, for Washing-

It was at Harrison's Landing that he distinguished himself. Gen. McClellan set a day o review the army, and Gen. Phil Kearny, ommanding the First Division, called for a rummer boy to act as his orderly. Gus vas picked out. Kearny was then the idol the army. He gave the drummer boy a er bugle and had him put on a powerful thite horse called Babe, over whose back ius had a hard time to stretch his short

In the course of the day's maneuvers be staff galloped over a rough field broken yan ugly ravine. Gen. Kearny, a superb orseman, took the ravine with a mighty bound and looked around to see if his aides were following. They were not, except the bugler. Gus tugged at the big white horse, but he might as well have tried to soparailroad train. It jumped the gully and landed, Schurmann pale and half sense-

Gen. Kearny looked at the boy and smiled grimly. In the evening he told young schurmann to report at headquarters and to consider himself as the General's orderly. consider himself as the defended as of delay. "That jump on Babe made me popular with him," said Mr. Schurmann. "In battle he used my back as a writing desk to scratch off despatches and he used to curse me roundly if Irrembled. At the second battle of Bull Run minie balls and shells whistled still around us and I shook like a leaf. When around us and I shook like a leaf. When told the General I was a little scared he aid: Never get frightened. Never get frightened at anything, and the bristles of his mustache rose heavenward."

his mustache rose heavenward."

After Kearny's death at Chantilly, the boy served as bugler for Gens. Birney, Stoneman and Sickles. He was at Gettysleg. It was with Gen. Sickles that he met the Lincolns at Bell Plains. The Presi-dent, Mrs. Lincoln and Thomas (Tad), then 10 years old. came from Washington to pay the commanding General a visit.

Who is that child?" asked the President, oticing the small orderly.
Oh, that's Gus Kearny's bugle boy,

said an officer Don't you think it's a shame to have such children in the army?" said Mrs Lin-

coln to the President.

coin to the President.

'That boy,' said Gen Sickles, "is a great father. He was nearly killed while at 8 oneman's side. Besides, he rode with kearny and you know what that means."

Tad Lincoln ran up then and stood admiring the boy orderly in his uniform and trappings. "As I look back," said Mr. Schurmann, when he told the story to his friends. "I can see that I must have been the subject of great envy to Tad. By he subject of great envy to Tad. By hat time I was an accomplished horseman, old blow the bugle and beat the drum dewagger like a real soldier. The men and swagger like a real soldier. The men had presented me with a roan mustang alled Pompey that had formerly been fidden by Gen. Mosby, the guerrilla, and that I cavorted around until Tad could ot stand it any longer and persuaded cavalryman to lend him his mount" He saved Tad from being run away with ad Mrs. Lincoln asked Gen. Sickles for m. "My first night at the White House shall never forget," said Mr. Schurmann. We kept up our racket until Mrs. Lincoln alled us and told us the President was tired nd needed rest. As she opened the door the chamber where the President, Mrs. and Tad slept I saw the great head of Lincoln and Tad slept I saw the great head of the Lincoln peeking out from under a long white nightcap. Tad slept in a crib by his mother's bed and Mrs. Lincoln showed me into a guest chamber. The contrast of this splendor with my humble lodgings of the previous years, when I had slept for the most part on the soft side of a hard board. t part on the soft side of a hard board as so overwhelming that even now th ought of a guest chamber overawes me. At the public receptions we were usually relicking around Mr. Lincoln's chair, and control day I stumbled and fell against the Grand Duke Alexis, who was paying the President a visit. I fear I wasn't much ared by the misadventure."

One of the most dramatic incidents in Gus Schurmann's visit to the Lincolnes.

as Schurmann's visit to has Schurmann's visit to the Lincolns has meeting with J. Wilkes Booth. Both fr. and Mrs. Lincoln were fond of the and they gave the former Bowery

and Mrs. Lincoln were fond of the theater and they gave the former Bowery bootblack many a treat.

One night at the Washington Theater, or Groves," said Mr. Schurmann, "there was a stirring drama called the 'Marble Beart, in which a dark handsome man with brilliant black eyes took the leading last. Tad and I looked up his name in the program, for he fascinated us, particularly Tad. 'I'd like to meet that man,' said Tad. 'He makes you thrill.'

After the second act we went back and were shown into the actor's dressing from. 'Mr. Booth,' said the manager, this is President Lincoln's son.' Booth Book hands with us and smiled in the pleasantest fashion imaginable. He talked sow while he made up, and when we went away he gave us each a bunch of roses."

Gui's life at the White House ended by the said the White House ended by the said the warten of the said the said the warten of the said the sai

ourg. He fought throughout the war, oming out a veteran of 15.

Mr. Schurmann was one of the best known Republicans in the city. He won the leadership of the old Eighth Assembly district from John J. O'Brien and Barney O'Rourke years

ago. He was always a leading figure at Grand Army reunions and the cheers never rose so wildly as when Gus Schurmann entered the hall and some-body government. go to telling about his fighting Cays

NEW BOOKS.

Gentle Phæbe and Her Troubles. The sympathy of the reader will extend itself willingly to Phosbe in Nancy Huston Banks's story of "The Little Hills" (The Macmillan Company). For some time it is not made known what it was that troubled Phobe. It will be thought, very likely, that her agitations represented some phase of a troubled love affair-or it might be, indeed, that they were occasioned by a ove affair not particularly troubled. A maiden contemplating the dawn of loveeven a fortunate and smoothly proceeding love-might display, for no other reason than the one immediately apparent, apprehensions and trepidations that shook Phæbe's soul as she stood on the porch of her pleasant home, looking furtively abroad through the thick veil of vines and honeysuckles, and over the garden of spice pinks and the whitewashed fence to the road beyond.

and sweet and gentle. It says of her in the course of the charming description that beguiles us while we are waiting for an account of her troubles: "She was too deeply absorbed now in thought to notice that the sunbeams were still on the wing. They had faded from gold into silver and were slowly waning to mere shadows. Yet they still flew through the flowers and leaves at the faintest touch of the breeze. Fluttering down to the porch floor like shadowy flocks of spirit butterflies, they hovered over her little slippers with the narrow black ribbons crossed over the white stockings; trembled up her mourning skirt to alight on her tightly clasped hands and quiver about her sad, sweet face. But she did notice how slowly the twilight was falling, and looked wistfully across the big road where the parsonage stood; lifting her clouded eyes to the tall chimney, hoping that the swallows were beginning to circle above it. Then she sighed, knowing that it was only with the other mysterious

shadows of evening that these mysterious

shadow-birds circled with slanting wings

circling in ever narrowing circles, till they

dropped silently down into their dark res-

She was a nice girl, Phosbe, very lovely

ting place with other mysteries of night." Space is not ours to dwell at length, as the story does, upon the causes of Phœbe's trouble. Phœbe was not in love. Phœbe was a widow. Phœbe's distress now was due to her understanding that Mrs. Pottle was pretty sure to drop in at any moment with certain positive and urgent advice. Ordinarily Phoebe would have deferred to Mrs. Pottle's judgment, as the village generally was in the habit of doing, but this was an occasion when it seemed to her necessary to have a mind of her own. If only it would get dark enough for the swallows to go into the chimney! Then Mrs. Pottle would not be likely to come until the next day. An unparalleled and dreadful hour would be postponed. But before the swallows ceased their circling the dreadful Mrs. Pottle arrived, and the gentle Phabe had to withstand her, though she nearly died in doing it.

Phœbe's case was undoubtedly a hard one. The young minister newly established in the village had fallen a victim to consumption. Phœbe nursed him. He fell in love with her. She did not love him at all, but she married him for certain genrous and pathetic reasons. On his deathbed he confided to her that he had been the support of a crippled father and a stepmother. She offered to assume his obligations toward those necessitous two. He said that his stepmother was proud and would hardly permit herself to be helped by anybody who did not have the legal right to assist her. To adjust this difficulty she married him. He died in her arms immediately after the ceremony. It was to tell Phæbe that it would never do to have those two old people come to live with her in the little house with the vineclad porch and the spice pink garden that Mrs. Pottle called. The old people came to live with Phœbe notwithstanding.

Sufficient trouble resulted, for Mrs. Pottle, though she was not without her failings, had the true prophetic instinct. The crippled father proved to be an amiable man, but the stepmother was terrible and hard to bear. She was more alarming than Mrs. Pottle herself. She had a habit of snapping her eyes so that people jumped. She might have been an inhabitant of Mr. Gilbert's Palace of Truth, when it came to the matter of telling people what she thought of them or of their doings. She was a stern critic, with powers of excoriation such as only the truthful and the outspoken possess. Mother Rowan she is called in the story. The novelist is very charitable toward her. She calls her an honest woman of narrow mind and strenuous soul, actuated by a single shining ambition—her duty to her stepson, the dead minister. This was her ideal, her way of trying to hitch her humble wagon to a star. Her final act of devotion was to buy a large and handsome tombstone for her stepson's grave She bought it at auction, and expended her entire savings for its purchase.

Mother Rowan might have gone on to the end, living in Phœbe's little house and making life heavy for Phœbe, but mercifully this was not to be. The story provides a windfall for the stepmother and carries her agreeably away, whereafter the patient and gentle Phœbe is permitted to enter upon the reward provided in all generous novels for all good girls. The tall himney about which the swallows circled belonged to a house inhabited by a second minister, successor to the one who died. He too fell in love with Phoebe, and he was so handsome and worthy that she had no choice but to fall in love with him. After Mother Rowan's departure he went through the gate in the whitewashed fence and through the garden where the spice pinks shed their fragrance, and so into the vine-

clad porch, where he found her waiting. A story containing much that is variously curious and charming. The second min-ister was impressed by Phœbe's account of a battle that she once waged with screech owl, and so will the reader be. The reader will be pleased, too, with Phœbe's garden, even as the second minister was pleased before him. As for Phoebe herelf, surely there can be no rude opinion of a creature so unselfish, so patient and so sweet.

Joined the French Foreign Legion.

John Patrick Le Poer's story of "A Modern Legionary" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is told in the first person and purports to narrate the experience of an Irish boy who joined the French Army and served in the Foreign Legion in Algeria and Tonquin. We have been interested by a good deal of what has here been chronicled by our young adventurer, who was sixteen years old when he left an Irish school that did not seem to him to be providing a very stirring or valuable education, passed over in what we must suppose to have been a surreptitious manner to Paris and embarked upon a military career. It should be said that the French Army, as a rule, does not accept a recruit who is under eighteen years of age. Our runaway reports cancialy that he felt himself at liberty to lie upon this point. He also allowed it to be understood that he

to go abroad was calculated to make him

opular among the French.

In the fifth chapter our chronicler glances back over the list of the foreigners who have helped the French to fight their battles. There were the Scottish Archers, celebrated by Scott, and of whom Quentin Durward was one. There, too, was the Irish Brigade, "a force whose records fill many a bloody and glorious page of European history and whose prowess more than once turned the ebb tide of defeat into the full tide of victory. It has been computed that almost 500,000 Irishmen died in the French service." There were many foreign brigades in the army of the great Napoleon.
"Everybody has read of the famous Polish Lancers, who time and again shattered the chivalry of Prussia, Austria and Muscovy in those combats of giants when kingdoms were the prizes and marshalships and duchies mere consolations for the less lucky ones. These Poles were magnifi-cent fools." It was in the '80s that our chronicler joined the Foreign Legion. He

records: "The Foreign Legion, as I knew it, consisted, as I believe it still consists, of two regiments, each containing four battalions. As a battalion numbers 1,000 men, the total strength of the service soldiers may be put at 8,000. In addition there are depot men, including band, drill instructors and recruits."

We get to some fighting with the Arabs presently. Our chronicler was in the thick of it. "Nicholas, the Russian, who was my front rank man, pushed forward and stabbed yelling demon, rushing at him with uplifted spear. I ran into his place, and saw almost at once a dusky madman, with a short, scanty beard, coming at me with murder in his eyes. I plunged my bayonet with all my force into his face. He half reeled, he almost fell, and as he recovered again I lunged and struck him fair and full on the breast bone. Again he reeled, yet still he tried to strike. I thrust a third time, and now at his bare neck; the spouting blood followed out the bayonet as I drew it forth." That was the end of that particular dusky madman. Plenty of others were served similar. The Spahis charged and finished up the business. Terms for the defeated were not very easy. "My company kept a village and an oasis, and I fancy that the next generation of Arabs was whiter than their forebears. But that is war: and the people-the goody-goodies and the stock brokers and the foolish women-who believe that honor dwells in the heart of a soldier on active service will lament our wickedness and get ready for the next occasion when they can send off their own soldiers to war, glorious war!"

A direful picture, certainly, but we do not find that our legionary was particularly cast down. He records all sorts of matters with an appearance of great cheerfulness-from Algeria to Tonquin, where the Black Flags were taken in hand, and where there were dreadful doings. There is an account of a massacre of 700 Black Flags on page 133. The men did it, the officers permitting. No punishment. How could eight or nine hundred men be punished? "It is dangerous-take my word for it, very dangerous-to go too far with any regiment in any army. With us it would be even worse, for no one, not even the General in chief command, would be safe from our bullets if only a chance arose. I believe that we were at once the worst used and the most feared corps on the face of the earth."

A beautiful Giulia comes into the story later. Our young legionary married her and got safely back to Ireland, taking her along. A crowded book; and we cannot for the life of us determine how much of it to believe.

A Book in a "Gale."

It used to be described as a "gale" when a lot of girls at a picnic or other social gathering fell to screaming and laughing and talking in high voices at a high rate of speed. The impression afforded of a harmless but definite madness. It gale felt his blood stirred and his wonder excited. The nerves of people are not all alike, and some doubtless would be reluctant to expose themselves to a gale. Such we do not address, unless, passingly, to warn them, but to the hardy, to those blessed with something of the Nemman lion's nervous system, we do not hesitate to recommend Richard Fisguill's story of The Venus of Cadiz" (Henry Holt & Co.). which is a literary gale if we ever saw one. Here we have Col. Norris, and Capt. Malepesta, and Capt. Bisherig, and Jim Turnbull the novelist, and Tim Stone the mushroom farmer, and Lucile Wentworth of New York city, who are the very elements of a gale and who make a gale all the time. The pretty girl Susan is the Venus of the title-the Venus of Cadiz, Ky. The third chapter describes the meeting between the two young ladies that we have named on the morning after Miss Wentworth's arrival at Cadiz. must extract briefly from this chapter, although we blush the very brightest of

colors as we do it: When Lucile awoke next morning, the first thing she saw was a head of much tangled yellow hair, which bent over her. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Miss Wentmore reached up, buried her hands in the soft, fluffy hair, pulled the face toward her, and kissed it. The act was so unlooked for that the body supporting the yellow head lost its balance and tumbled on the bed. Miss Wentmore loosed the fluffy hair and took a hold lower down, hugging with all her might.

" 'Are you Susan?' she asked. "Susan laughed. " 'Why don't you kiss me?' questioned Miss Wentmore.

"Susan obeyed, like a child. " 'Not on the forehead, on my lips! " 'There!' said Susan, still laughing.

" 'Now hug me tight!' directed Miss Wentmore. "'And,' she continued, as Susan loosed her arms, 'hold on to me. I hear your

heart beat-thump, thump, thump! My, what a hust! It shakes when you laugh But hold to me, don't let me go!' "Susan straightened out on the bed and drew Lucile's frail body to her. It was the first time in her life anybody had begged her for affection. And suddenly, without

warning, Susan's pent girlhood broke forth. "Lucile felt herself caught up, as by a whirlwind. "Oh, sob rent, tear dampened kisses! "It was heavenly. Miss Wentmore joined in, and cried to break her heart.

"I'm only 24,' she vowed to Susan." The gale endures all through the book. The wind blows high. We think we have never known it to blow higher. Stone, the mushroom farmer, is as uncontained and as incoherent as the females. A more feverish cultivator never held conversation with his dog (see seventh chapter). Stone says at the beginning of the ninth chapter: "Pap has delirium tremens, Pete has gone crazy. Pup is trying to perpetrate a joke and I'm a fool." That, however, is only had been exiled from I e'and for political a partirlutatement of matters in this his- St Agatha's arturds on sisted in tory. Stran, who was destined for Tim, having her reasts tern out wit thou incers.

THE SUN, SATURDAS , DUDY 23, 1905. and sent her photograph to Tim. The photograph included a dishevelled horse that had cockleburs in its tail. Lucile fainted on Jim Turnbull's bosom after kissing him sweetly, as may be learned in the rush at page 166. Daredevil, the horse that had cockleburrs in its tail, was capable coincidently of rubbing his nose politely on one person's back and showing his teeth in a hostile manner to another person. "Lucile," said Mr. Turnbull, when that lovely and gushing girl had come to, "my nerves are racked." What he said was credible and suggestive. "Poor boy!" Lucile made answer. "Everything is in a muddle. It's enough to run you wild.' So it was enough, and so it continues to be enough.

Turn over a whole fistful of pages. Behold the Countess Benedetta, recently arrived, dancing fairylike in a gauzy, floating garment and waving Forrida's stiletto in her hand. Jimmy Turnbull confronted her. "He was dealing with a tigress." He denied that he loved Susan. He likened that incomparably beautiful girl to a cow.
"Do you suppose," he said to the Countess "that this fat creature of the pasture could dislodge your fairy image from my soul?" Neat but rude Susan was stirred to action. One of her hands, "molded into a small, hard little fist, shot out suddenly," and felled Mr. Turnbull, whereupon "thirteen mighty hurrahs stirred up thirteen thousand echoes and the bats."

Meantime, Tim Stone "was picking mushrooms for all he was worth." The prize of Susan fell to him at the last. It tells how she kissed him. A remarkable story. It has made us dizzy.

Mr. Hewlett's Italian Romance. The eighteenth century is a dreary period in Italy. With the arts and literature sunk to their lowest level, no hope for a political future anywhere and a periwigged, rococo civil'zation burdening the classes that pretended to culture, it is as dismal a period for the historian to deal with as can be found. Through some unaccountable perverseness romancers are turning to it, however, Mrs. Wharton wasted much valuable time in cramming insignificant and useless knowledge for local color, and now Mr. Maurice Hewlett, taking much less pains, gives his picture of that unedifying period in "The Fool Errant" (Macmillans). Like Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Hewlett has spent some time in the byways of Italy and can describe his scenery with the assurance of one who has seen it. He has chosen to

write a picaresque romance, in which, as a matter of course, the element of probability is left out. At the same time he tries a psychological dissection which. though amusing at the outset, rather drags as the reader goes on. He is indebted to a writer whose name until recently was unmentionable to ears polite-Casanova. In England, apparently, they are beginning to discover that, apart from his escape from the "Piombi" at Venice and the foul obscenity in which he delights, there is a mass of material valuable in describing his time in that adventurous scoundrel's memoirs.

From him Mr. Hewlett has borrowed his rascally monk bodily. We rather think that he is indebted to him, too, for the idea in the main adventure of his hero. The first scenes in Padua are vivid and well done. Perhaps the reader may follow the hero through his subsequent adventures with equal interest, though the peculiarities of his mode of reasoning and action seem to justify the Italian superstition that "all Englishmen are mad."

There is adventure enough to suit the

most youthful appetite, and if the reader will not generalize from the examples presented of Italian character and Italian manners, no great harm will be done by it. The story might be far pleasanter and the people represented likewise.

A Queen in Extle Traduced.

A certain amount of romance is attached to the last Queen of Naples. In the few by ten or a dozen girls in a gale was that months that she spent with her Neapolitan subjects she achieved a popularity that can hardly be said that the ear was pleased might have saved her husband if Garior that the intelligence was gratified, but baldi had not stepped in; in the siege of sink any auditor and observer of a Gueta she showed pluck and a queen! spirit, the only redeeming features Bourbon downfall; she is clearly the heroine of Daudet's "Les Rois en Exile." though the worthless husband to whom she is joined in the romance is not drawn from the wretched Francis II., and the tragic end of her sisters, the Duchesse d'Alençon and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. brought to memory again her long years o exile. Though she is still living, her life written by a properly informed and symrathetic biographer, might well prove interesting.

That is by no means the case with "Maria Sophia. Queen of Naples." a painfully padded book by Clara Tschudi, translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.). This, so far as the Queen is concerned, contains no information with one exception, that cannot be found in any short encyclopedia article. Her girlhood is told only in the reflected light of that of her sister, the Empress: there is no attempt to describe with accuracy her short career in Naples as Crown Princess and Queen; even the details of the siege of Gaeta are slurred over, and there is no comprehensible account of the forty years and more she spent in exile. The accusation of unchastity brought against her has no foundation, and is rendered all the viler by the author's statement that there is no authority for it.

Except for this, the tone of adulation toward all royal persons will make a disagreeable impression on Americans. It is avished on the parents of the Queen and of the Empress, on Ludwig I. of Bavaria, on King Bomba, and on his weak and almost imbecile son, Francis II., to whom Maria Sophia was married. The accounts of Lola Montez and the 1849 revolution in Munich, of the last year of the Bourbons in Naples, and of the Garibaldian invasion are ludicrously inadequate, though the author fills out her book with them.

The arid style of the original might find more acceptance if the translator had had a better command of English.

Girls' Names.

No daintier dress for an attractive subject the English publishers have provided for Helena Swan's "Girls' Christian Names" (E P. Dutton & Co.). The author has busied herself with similar books of reference before. In this she tells entertainingly enough the story of each name, its derivation, with an account of the saint or other worthy who brought it into use, with some of the famous persons in history or fiction who bore it. winding up with quotations from the poets referring more or less directly to the name. For instance, under Barbara she prints the whole of Whittier's "Barbara

The list of authorities in the preface will prepar, the reader for r ther antiquated and superficial inforration all the derivations will pass uster. There is a squeamishness in the descriptions that sometimes confusing For instance. reasons. We have given at 1 on his hard the line was Jim. Lucile leved Jim and that I-t is bro Lt out clearly in what a real lever of the Fren h "hab, ant,"



CENTURY

Midsummer Holiday Number AN ANGLO-AMERICAN STORY

RUDYARD KIPLING

Christy's Pictures

"A Summer Girl" IN COLOR

pictorial art; here we are told that it was the tearing and burning of her sides. Under Agnes several comes are printed, but strangely enough there is no mention of Kea's's "The Eve of St. Agres." If catrix is not the teroine of Esmond" who "Mary Ann," we are told, "is the generic name for a secret republican society in France"; surely since 1870 it has been the nickname in France for the Re-

public and for France herself. The author roceeds leist rel through the letter M, "lich goes eyond page 400; then she awakens to the fact that she must end her book and winds up th rest of the all hatet more and more hurriedly in 100 pages. For this she has the example of other encycloredic works. The book is entertairin, and has nuch curious inforation, ut it can ot le re arded as accurate or authoritative

The Music of Shakespeare's Time.

Though natural, it is a pity that Dr. E. W. Naylor's "An Elizabethan Virginal Book" (J. M. Dent & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.) should be so exclusively musical. It is, as he explains, "a critical essay on the contents of a manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge." but the manuscript contains 300 pieces that reveal the whole musical life of Elizabeth's time. There are all sorts of queerly named dances, songs and more intricate pieces. Among the composers are William Byrd, Dr. John Bull, Giles Farnaby and a score of others. The pieces throw much light on passages of Shakespeare and the other dramatists.

It is evident how much interest a popular exposition of the matter contained in the manuscript would have. Dr. Naylor as a musician wishes to render the music of the pieces available to students. This, we imagine, he succeeds in doing by his transcriptions. He also gives explanations of the terms used and short accounts of the composers. But his book is essentially technical and must be judged by musical antiquarians.

Pickering in Yorkshire. Few people in this country, we imagine, are aware of the existence of the town of Pickering in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Yet it thrives quietly back of Scarborough and Whitby and gives its name to a dale and a forest, a moor and a beck, and if we are to believe its historian, Mr. Gordon Hume, in "The Evolution of an English Town" (J. M. Dent & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.), it has stood where it does forever.

It is a charming book that Mr. Hume has made. He goes back to glacial and paleolithic times, it is true, like Welsh genealogists, and his early history is confessedly rather hypothetical, but from the Norman Conquest on he is on sure ground and brings in proofs from records and architectural remains. He illustrates his story as he goes along with his own drawings, which are excellent. It is a pleasure to see good wood engravings again in a modern book.

No dry record of the uneventful doings in a quiet country town has satisfied the author. He has gathered many interesting incidents and a quantity of legends and traditions. Buckingham was buried and Wordsworth was married in the immediate neighborhood, for instance, but the tales of the supernatural are more to Mr. Hume's fancy. A pleasant and entertaining book that gives a deal of information about English life in a very attractive way.

Other Books.

The interest that Protestants are taking in St. Francis and the mysticism of his followers is rather curious. There have been several translations into English of the "Fioretti di San Francesco," which has an acknowledged place among the texts of classical Italian prose, and now Miss Vida D. Scudder of Wellesley College translates the "Letters of St. Catherine of Siena," another Catholic mystic (J. M. Dent & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.). The introduction makes the mistake of assuming that the reader is familiar with Catherine's career. It is possible to collect the facts from the chronological tables of contemporary events and of the Saint's life, but a more explicit account of the life and of her meaning in Catholic religious thought could have done no harm. could have been devised than that which To each letter is prefixed an explanation of the circumstances under which it was written. It is a scholarly enough piece of work, that would have been improved by the suppression of a certain amoun of enthusiasm.

A series of delightful sketches of old time French Canada written by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé with the collective title "Les Anciens Canadiens" makes a pretty good connected story when translated by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts as "Cameron of Lochiel" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.). The translation is fifteen years old and this is a second edition of the book. It might be wished that the translator had more feeling for the aspirations of the French in Canada. The new title seems a mistake. for it hides the real subject of the book by a name that calls up utterly different associations. The scenes of the old French frontier life, however, cannot be spoiled. We should have liked to see, none the less,

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Books Received.

"Public Papers of George Clinton, Vols. VII d VIII." (Oliver A. Quayle, Albany.) and VIII." "Seventy Centuries of the Life of Mankind. vols. J. N. Larned. (The C. A. Nichols Company Springfield, Mass.)
"Indian Stories Retold from St. Nicholas."

Springheid, Mass."

"Indian Storles Retold from St. Nicholas." (The Century Company.)

"Hints on Horses." Capt. C. M. Gomme, R. A. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Ninth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society. (Published by the society. New York.)

"Carmen Seculare." H. V. A. Ferguson. (The Whitaker & Kay Company. San Francisco.)

"The Revelations of Nature." Leonidas Guillemet. (Leonidas Guillemet. San Francisco.)

"A Dicker in Souls." Will S. Gidley. (The M. W. Hazen Company. New York.)

"Tempests of the Play Gods." Janie E. Stoddard. (The Neale Publishing Company.)

"The Copper Handbook. Vol. V. for 1904." (Horace J. Stevens, Houghton, Mich.)

"The Sanitation of a Country House." Dr Harvey B. Bashore. (John Wiley & Sons.)

"The Memoirs of an American Citizen." Robert Herrick. (Macmillans.)

"The Handbook of Princeton." John Rogers Williams. (The Grafton Press New York.)

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